

Neer FOOTBALL IN OUR COLORED COLLEGES.

The Big Stars and How They Win Out.
By C. E. Roberts.

The character of football shown during the past season in colored colleges was distinctly first class. The coaches as well as the players seem to have grasped the possibilities of the new game. The new rules were given a thorough trying out, and in the main were found to be successful. Several changes suggested by critics, however, would strengthen offensive play, assuring victory to stronger teams in contest, but, on the whole, the game was more open and better played than it ever has been before.

It was a noticeable fact that injuries in games were far less than in previous years. The major part of the injuries received were about the head and legs. This condition being known, it should be compulsory for all participating in games to don headgear and have their ankles bandaged. This should be looked after by the trainer and coach, because good physical condition is one-half the battle and is as important as expert coaching.

Hampton, favored by good coaching, showed early in the season the making of a good eleven. She was defeated by Howard because of weak defense against forward passes. At Lincoln she showed improvement, although being outplayed at every stage of the game, finally winning by a fluke, the score being 5-2. Thanksgiving day she defeated Shaw, closing the most successful season in the history of the school.

Howard, as usual, had a fast, powerful, well-trained squad, but did not show her strength until Thanksgiving Day. The victories over Hampton and Shaw were well earned, even to a greater degree than the scores indicate. Her final test with Lincoln showed marked improvement over early season's work, but weak attack and poor generalship, together with the wonderful defense displayed by Lincoln, made victory impossible.

Shaw had complete satisfaction of a good showing against Howard and Hampton; here, also, good coaching showed its value.

Lincoln cannot boast of a successful season, although she played Howard to a standstill on Thanksgiving Day. Early in the season her well-balanced squad showed the making of the greatest eleven in the history of the school, but the unexpected defeat by Hampton marred a clean slate. In this contest Hampton was unable to gain a first down and throughout the game the strong attack and defense displayed by Lincoln lacked dash and team work, which resulted in defeat.

The Howard game was well contested. Lincoln showed wonderful defense, and Howard's only chance for victory vanished when she failed at field goals.

Kicking was the main feature of the game and the individual work of both teams was remarkably clever.

Throughout the South the colleges played better football than in previous years. Pick, Atlanta, Meharry, Tuskegee and Atlanta Baptist College deserve favorable comment for their high-class work during the season.

Among others, Richie, of Meharry; Hendle, of Pick; Hilton, of Petersburg, and Wheaton, of Storor, are worthy of our highest praise.

In selecting my All-Colored College eleven I have sought to secure a well-balanced team, one strong both on attack and defense, with kicking backs, who can rely on ends to cover and hold whatever ground he gains.

—First Team—
Ends—Oliver, Howard; Midgette, Lin-

coln.
Tackles—Goss, Lincoln; Durrah, Howard.
Guards—Clelland, Howard; J. D. Aiken, Hampton.
Center—Lincoln.
Quarterback—Collins, Lincoln.
Halfbacks—Pollard, Lincoln; Forbes, Howard.
Fullback—Gray, Howard.

—Second Team—
Ends—Morris, Shaw; Slaughter, Howard.

Tackles—Bell, Howard; Fante, Shaw.
Guards—Hilton, Lincoln; Dowdell, end, making an excellent quantity required for that position. He seldom makes mistakes and was one of the most alert ends of the season, a good tackler, clever on offense and always reliable.

Midgette, of Lincoln, is a fast, powerful end, reliable on offense and defense, in addition to this a power in boxing tackle. Noor would the Lincoln team begrudge any amount of credit bestowed upon him, because in addition to it, he is a good worker with the team and not an individual star.

Slaughter, of Howard, was one of the fastest ends of the season, playing a good offensive and defensive game.

Perry, of Lincoln, is a fast, consistent and powerful on offense and defense, who played under no strain throughout the season, suffering with water on the knee. He was unable to do his best work during the year.

Morris, of Shaw, and Jones, of Hampton, though not first-class ends, played good games and deserve honorable mention.

Goss, of Lincoln, a powerful plunger, consistent, reliable on offense and defense, made it possible for his guard and end to play fast, effective games.

Durrah, of Howard, is a fast tackle, a powerful man on defense and was one of the best plungers of the season. He was consistent and in addition to this, had he played throughout the season he would have been graded as one of the most remarkable stars for that position.

Fante, of Shaw; Bullock, of Lincoln, and Bell, of Howard, were good on offense and defense. Their work for the past season was not consistent, hence they cannot be graded as first-class tackles this year.

Clelland, of Howard, is the best all-around guard of the year, being especially strong on attack. His work was of great value in supporting an inexperienced center in Howard's line, and in addition to this he was effective on defensive and offensive work, unusually strong in a position where effective work counts so much more than showy play.

Aiken, of Hampton, is a fast plunging guard, reliable on offense and defense, proving himself to be the mainstay of Hampton's line.

Dowdell, of Howard, and Hilton, of Lincoln, were two fast, powerful guards, effective on offense and defense and in addition to this their open field play was the best. With more experience they should be placed with the stars of that position.

Jones and Wallace, of Lincoln, and Stoney, of Hampton, and Hardgrave, of Shaw, showed promise of becoming first-class guards. Thompkins, of Lincoln, is the best center of the year and flanked by two powerful guards, would be hard to beat in any company. His offense was perfect and on the defense he stood in a class by himself. His passing in the Howard game enabled Collins to do effective kicking, which would have been impossible under other conditions. His open field work was of the best, and Lincoln cannot too fully realize how much he helped her this season.

Warner, of Howard, an inexperienced center, played a good game, his work on the defense deserving honorable mention. As to his offensive work he fell far below the standard.

Collins, of Lincoln, is the star quarterback of the season; his kicking, punt-

catching, broken field work and running of interference is of the highest order. Also as a general he stands in a class by himself.

Bender, of Hampton, is a handy quarterback, who played a commendable game throughout the season.

Bird, of Howard, and Bird, of Lincoln, were not up to standard. Their work in games throughout the season showed their lack of wash and old-time generalship.

It is very difficult this season to pick the back field for the All-Colored College team, owing to the high-class men of quality who are available for the position.

In the back field Pollard, of Lincoln, demonstrated that he stands head and shoulders above other backs of the season in offensive and defensive play. He is fast, experienced and a fighter every minute, which brands him as the best colored halfback that ever donned togs.

Forbes, of Howard, is a fast, consistent player, of good judgment, a power on offense and defense. His catching and kicking of punts was not up to the standard. The former defect can be attributed to the new position of the

IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

By LESTER A. WALTON

My age 9-21-11

SEARCH FOR A "WHITE HOPE."

FINDING a "white hope," one who will be able to provide Champion "Jack" Johnson at least several rounds of lively entertainment, seems to be a hopeless task these days. Each week ushers in a new "white hope," who, after he has given an exhibition of his listic prowess, is ushered out of the back door in a woeful state, both mentally and physically, and with all the aspirations he once possessed relative to some day being Johnson's antagonist shattered and as badly damaged as the ambitious one's physiognomy.

Many of our white writers are commencing to think that the Caucasian is really engaged in doing a "hoping against hope" stunt, and the plaintive cry has been set up in the white press for a white man who can meet Johnson in the squared arena and hand him a punch that will put the black champion in the land of nod. An editorial in the New York Morning Telegraph, under the caption "The Negro Johnson Stands Invincible in the Fighting World," in which the question is pathetically asked, who can come forward and demonstrate his superiority over the Negro, follows:

Are things what they seem? Is the Caucasian played out? Where is the white man who will take the conceit out of the big Negro, Jack Johnson? It seems as if this gross dark throwback stood invincible in the prize ring and defied the world to find a white man who can whip him. There was some hope that Carl Morris, who resembles a battering ram, might stand some show of taking the belt from Johnson; but not so. Morris was badly beaten by a smaller man than himself, and Flynn, his conqueror, is no match for Johnson. The Negro put him to sleep in short order

out in San Francisco one day. Then where is the white man who will send Johnson into slumberland? Nowhere, so far as we can see.

Since Flynn's victory over Morris last week, the white writers seem to have about concluded that it will be a long time before some Caucasian will take the heavyweight championship title. Morris was taken out of the ring with his face resembling a piece of uncooked hamburger. Two weeks ago, the women folks in his neck of the woods might have referred to him as a fine-looking man, but since his fight with Flynn it would require the attention of every member of the Woodbury establishment and other dermatologists to make Morris a thing of beauty, if for but a short time only.

Nine-tenths of the spectators at the Flynn-Morris fight wanted Morris to win, and had he decisively defeated Flynn he would have been proclaimed the logical "white hope" to fight Johnson. But, alas! Flynn, who was easily whipped by Johnson a few years ago, was so unkind to Morris that some of the spectators are yet wondering whether the affair was a boxing match or a modern exhibition of leading the innocent to slaughter.

When the Morning Telegraph asks, "Where is the white man who will take the conceit out of the big Negro, Johnson?" it should also include in its list Sam Langford, Sam MacVea, Joe Jeannette and other colored fighters who today are defeating all white fighters that come before them. The situation is truly unusual one. The four leading fighters



ers of the world to-day are Negroes, and there is not a white man in sight who is considered a serious contender against the weakest member of the black quartet.

Never before in the history of the ring has the superiority of the black fighter over the white fighter been more pronounced than at this time. With "Jack" Johnson as the "Pooh Bah" of pugilism, and Langford, MacVea and Jeannette as his able lieutenants, the quartet forms

an invincible combination—one which, in comparison makes the white fighters appear as does a two spot to an ace in a game of whist.

The inability of the white fighters to cope with our colored pugilists is generally admitted. The central figures in our principal boxing contests between heavyweights are Negroes, and the men who are spoken of as most likely to give Johnson a warm argument in the ring are Negroes.

Since the Langford-Jeannette contest a few weeks ago there has been less talk about the Bostonian putting up a great fight with Johnson in the event of their coming together. Up to that time there were many who did not hesitate to say that if the two met Langford would come out of the big end of the horn. As Jeannette, who is not nearly as clever as Johnson, gave Langford all he could do (admitting that Jeannette was careful not to mix up with the Hub City fighter) it must be acknowledged that it is not highly probable that Langford would prove the champion's master were they to ever fight. A combat between the two would simply be the case of a good little man meeting a good big man, and unless Johnson has gone back since he defeated Jeffries, he should have no difficulty in winning out in such a contest.

But back to the appeal sent out by some white writers for the prompt appearance of a "white hope." The situation does indeed lead those engaged in hoping to gloomily admit that prospects are not bright. No, the Caucasian has not played out as a hero of the prize ring, but he is simply out of the limelight at this time. The situation should suggest to the whites that no race—black or white—can be headliners in everything indefinitely. History has proven that.

We are afraid that we cannot give those who are clamoring for a "white hope" much consolation just now. And to quote the Morning Telegraph, which answers its own question, "Where is the man who will send Johnson to slumberland?" by saying "Nowhere, so far as we can see," we can only say that the answer voices our sentiments; for the colored fighter is destined to occupy the center of the pugilistic stage for some time to come.

Langford beats Jeannette.
My age 9-21-11
It has been a long long time since New Yorkers have seen as good a bout between two heavyweights as the one pulled off Tuesday evening at Madison Square Garden between Sam Langford, of Boston, and Joe Jeannette, of Union Hill, N. J. The fight was fast and furious from start to finish, abounding in several knockdowns, fast footwork and an exhibition of skill with the gloves. Langford was given the decision at the end of the tenth round, but in all fairness to the New Jersey pugilist, while he lost, it was a defeat of which he has no cause to be ashamed.

It was not until the final round of the contest that Langford used his fists effectively, and when the gong sounded he appeared fresh, while Jeannette's appearance indicated that he had not been attending at a pink tea. He showed that he was tired as well as weak.

There was very little boxing at close

range, Jeannette evincing an inclination throughout the contest to keep it of mixups. Nearly 10,000 persons saw the fight.

Central Board Appoints Colored Officials

After a period of two years of consideration the Central Board of Officials of the Football Rules Committee of the United States, have appointed four colored men on the list of qualified officials whose names will appear in the limited list published in the football annual. Garnet C. Wilkinson, teacher at the M Street High School, is perhaps the best-known colored official in these parts. As coach of the M Street High School team he has developed many stars who have made careers after leaving this school on the gridirons of the larger colleges. Merton P. Robinson has taught and coached football and other branches of athletics at several colleges and high schools. His work as official on the gridiron is well known to all who follow the game. A. Kiser Savoy, a teacher in the Washington public schools, has served capably on the gridiron. He is a close student of baseball and football and has been quite a player. Edwin B. Henderson, physical director of the Colored High Schools of Washington, received his training at the Harvard Summer School of Physical Training, where football theory and practice is a strong course, and where the leading football experts of the country often gather.

These four are the only men among us in the country whose work has entitled them to this distinction. There are some coaches and players who are fitted for official work, but have not yet met all of the requirements for official recognition.

The Central Board on Officials consists of L. M. Dennis of Cornell University; Prof. Walter Camp of Yale University; Prof. Parke Davis, Princeton University; Prof. Cranford Blagden, and Chairman James A. Babbitt of Haverford College.

Lincoln and Howard Tie.

12-7-11
The game began by a kick from Collins to Howard on her ten yard line and the ball was brought up to the twenty yard line. Gray then tore off ten yards around left end, followed with a fifteen yard sprint by Forbes around right end and then, amid the

cheers of the Howard rabble, Brice uncorked a forward pass to Oliver, the latter gaining 7 yards. This was made a first down by the addition of thirty yards by Nixon through center. Here the Orange and Blue began to find themselves and never lost themselves again throughout the entire contest. Forbes was thrown for a loss of five yards by Pollard, who rushed through the Blue and White formation like a mad bull. Collins then made a terrific dash at Gray, not permitting him to gain an inch around right end. An incomplete forward pass from Brice to Oliver gave the ball to Lincoln on her own 35 yard line. Durrah then blocked Collins' punt and the ball was covered by a Howard man on Lincoln's 30 yard line. At this point Howard's rabble clamored for a touchdown and Forbes tore off 5 yards around right end. Nixon then tried the line, which failed to yield an inch, and a place kick was then tried, Nixon also failing. The ball was then given to Lincoln on her 25 yard line. Norris being unable to gain around right end.

Big Bullock then tried the line which yielded only 3 yards. Pollard added 2 around right end, after which Collins kicked to Forbes, who was again downed in his tracks, this time on his 20 yard line. Forbes, after gaining around right end, kicked to Collins to the center of the field, but just as this Lincoln hero received the ball and attempted to advance it the damp turf gave away under his stride and he came very suddenly to earth. He then kicked to Forbes on the latter's 15 yard line. Here Forbes fumbled the ball, but recovered it in time to gain 5 yards. He then added 3 yards around right end which was followed with a loss of 3 yards by Gray in an attempt to circle left end. Forbes then kicked to Collins in the center of the field; the ball was fumbled, but recovered by Pollard. On an attempted forward pass Pollard was thrown for a loss of 5 yards and the ball was booted to Gray, who advanced 5 yards to his 30 yard line. Gray gained 2 yards around left end. Forbes being unsuccessful around right end was forced to kick to Collins, who was downed in his tracks in the center of the field. Time was here taken out for an injured Howard man. When the play started again Collins kicked to Forbes, who fumbled the ball, but recovered it, advancing to the center of the field. Thus the first period ended with the ball in the center of the field.

The second period was uneventful until Norris intercepted a forward pass from Brice to Oliver. Collins then kicked to the opponents' 40 yard line and here Lincoln lost 5 yards for being off side. This was followed by alternate kicking, after which an incomplete forward pass to Schlaughtor was made; then Forbes kicked to Collins, who on his 11 yard line the latter slipped and was unable to advance the ball.

Forbes attempted a drop kick, which failed and thereby defeated his second chance to score. The ball was put in play on Lincoln's 25 yard line and Norris broke around right end for 20 yards, the longest run that had been made up to this time. Pollard failing to gain around the end, Collins kicked to Forbes, who received the ball on his 45 yard line and returned it 8 yards. Gray then made it a first down by adding 4 yards around right end. After

Brice's failure to execute a forward pass, Forbes kicked to Collins on his 5 yard line, who was downed in his tracks. He promptly kicked to Forbes on Lincoln's 40 yard line. The ball was returned by him to Lincoln's 37 yard line.

Forbes kicked to Pollard on the latter's 40 yard line, and the ball was advanced 5 yards. Collins here kicked the ball which was returned 5 yards. Here Gray swept around right end for 15 yards. Next Brice executed an excellent forward pass, making a gain of 15 yards. After failing to gain through center, Brice again tried a forward pass, which was intercepted by Midgette on his 20 yard line. Collins then kicked to Forbes in the center of the field, the ball being brought up 8 yards. Howard was penalized 5 yards for being off side, after which Forbes kicked to Collins on Lincoln's 28 yard line. Pollard then ran around right end for three yards, which was a penalty to Lincoln for being off side. Collins punted to Forbes, who fumbled the ball, after which he gained 5 yards. At this time Pollard made the most miraculous tackle of the day, when he broke up Gray's perfect interference, which was leading him around right end and while on the ground succeeded in picking out his man and laid him low. Forbes then circled right end for 10 yards from a fake kick, which was followed by a 20 yard sprint around the same end. An onside kick then placed the ball on the 20 yard line (Lincoln's). Brice attempted a forward pass which was blocked by Bullock. The ball then went to Lincoln on her own 20 yard line. Gray re-

ceived Collins' punt on his 40 yard line. The period then came to a close.

The fourth period was characterized by alternate kicking and occasional end runs. Bird, who took quarterback in the third period, played a star game, being conspicuous in almost every play of this period. The ball was in Howard's territory at the close of the game, on the 38 yard line and the score still 0-0.

Told That He Was Not Down South.

At the annual games of the New York Postoffice Clerks' Association, which were held Sunday at Celtic Park, Gwynn Henry, the national champion runner at 220 yards, who hails from a little town in Texas, was rebuked for objecting to running in a race with colored contestants.

When he saw C. Nicholson, the crack runner on the Lactia Athletic Club of Brooklyn, preparing to enter the contest he protested to Starter McHugh, declaring that he would not run against a colored man. An argument lasting for nearly ten minutes, ensued, and the Texan was finally informed that he was not down South but in New York, and would either compete against Nicholson or get out.

Henry decided to forget that he was from Texas for a few moments and temporarily buried his race prejudice. He came first in the race and the colored runner a close second.

Hampton Defeats Shaw 2 to 0.

Shaw University went down to defeat before the largest crowd that ever gathered on the Hampton Institute grounds to witness a football game, Thanksgiving Day. It was the most spectacular game ever witnessed in that section. From beginning to end the contest was filled with genuine thrills, and all the things in football that keep the blood at fever heat.

The teams for the most part were evenly matched, Hampton having the better of the contest at critical moments. The punting of Bender for Hampton and Browa for Shaw were the features of the game. Shaw received the kick and advanced the ball to Hampton's 20-yard line, where it was lost on downs. Bender punted to Shaw's 30-yard line. The first and second quarters consisted chiefly of punting, with one exception, when Bender tried a field goal from Shaw's 25-yard line, which was missed by a narrow margin.

At the beginning of the third quarter Hampton carried the ball from her 45-yard line to Shaw's 10-yard line by straight-line plunging by Flynt, who gained five and ten yards at will. Here Hampton fumbled the ball, which was secured by a Shaw man. Shaw attempted a double pass on her 10-yard line, which resulted in a safety for Hampton, counting two points.

The team from Raleigh used a number of fake kicks at the beginning of the fourth quarter, delayed passes and criss-crosses, but Hampton's defense was too strong for them to make any substantial gain. The latter part of the game was a punting duel. The game ended 2 to 0 in favor of Hampton. Shaw played a better game than in former years and showed the form of a well-coached team.

The line-up:

Shaw—Morris, left end; Harold, Frazier, left tackle; Johns, left guard; Rogers, center; Strudwick, right guard; Fantse, right tackle; Webb, Hargrave, right end; Gregg, left halfback; Wilkerson, right halfback; Fortune, quarterback; Brown (captain), fullback.

Hampton—Jones, left end; Aiken, J. D., left tackle; Aiken, W. H., left guard; Warner, center; Stoney, R., right guard; Gayle, right tackle; Scott (captain), right end; Oliver, left halfback; Shearer, right halfback; Bender, quarterback; Flynt, fullback.

IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

Colored Runner Smashes Records.

Randolph Granger, the crack colored runner of the Barringer High School, Newark, was the particular star of the annual track and field meet of the New Jersey Intercollegiate League, which was held last Saturday on Ashland Field, East Orange. Barringer High won the scholastic meet and it was Granger who distinguished himself on more than one occasion.

The colored runner, who promises to be another John Taylor, smashed two of the old marks. His record performances were in the quarter of a mile and half mile runs. In the first event he clipped 1 2-5 seconds off the former record, making the distance in 52 2-5 seconds. In the half mile event without being extended he registered 2 minutes 3 2-4 seconds, which is 2 3-5 seconds under the old mark of 2 minutes 6 seconds.

SAM LANGFORD WINS

FROM JOE JEANNETTE.

12-7-11
Did Not Knock His Man Out Hoboken Negro Gives Stiff Battle.

NEW YORK—Sam Langford won his ten-round bout with Joe Jeannette in the Madison Square Garden last week, but every minute of the thirty in which blows were exchanged the Boston man knew he had a stiff problem to solve. Jeannette fought gamely and cleverly. The Hoboken, Negro was at no time afraid of the Boston terror and frequently sent back better than he got. Langford was looked to for a knockout in seven rounds, but the fact that Jeannette pulled through for the limit sent Langford's stock as a likely opponent for Johnson, way down.

A crowd that filled the garden witnessed the bout, but the overcrowding at a week ago was avoided. The confusion outside the garden which characterized the Wells-Brown contest was likewise missing on this occasion.

The Fight by Rounds.

Round 1—They went to close quarters with short arm blows with honors even. Jeannette slipped to the floor, but was up in a moment. A high left hook sent Jeannette to the mat for a second. Langford worried him to the end of the round, which was the Boston man's.

Round 2—Jeannette was quick after the ring and, after a few rapid exchanges, he sent Langford down for two seconds with a left and right to the face. Jeannette forced matters over, with Langford using body blows at close range. This was Jeannette's round.

Round 3—Langford kept rushing, but Jeannette's rapid footwork bothered the Boston man. Sam sent left and right to the face, with Jeannette breaking around. At long range there were several wicked exchanges, but Langford's deadly left hooks to neck and body gave him the round.

Round 4—Langford forced Joe around the ring, but missed half a dozen swings and hooks. After a rapid exchange of body blows Langford hooked his left to the jaw and Jeannette went down for the count of eight. He stalked off the smaller man until the bell rang. Langford's round.

Round 5—Langford was the aggressor, playing for the body, with Jeannette vainly trying back-hand swings. Langford had the better of the fighting and had the round easily on points.

Round 6—Jeannette jabbed Langford with a stiff left, but suffered for it by Langford's left hooks to body and neck and a left-hand smash over the right eye. Both were cautioned for holding. Langford's round.

Round 7—Langford, with a left and right, forced Jeannette into a neutral corner. Jeannette broke ground and made Langford miss several swings. They exchanged several heavy lefts and rights on the head. Jeannette stood up gamely and outfought Langford. Jeannette's round.

Round 8—Jeannette led, landing two lefts on the head. Langford sent a hard left to the body, but missed two swings for the head. At close quarters Langford got to the body heavily, but was beaten off again by left and right to the head. Jeannette's round.

Round 9—Langford forced the pace, but Jeannette put a couple of stiff lefts to the face. Langford jarred the big fellow with a hard left to the head. Langford's round.

Round 10—Langford rushed like a lion, trying hard for a knockout. He forced the pace and sent Jeannette down for the count of three with a left smash on the jaw. Langford took a couple of hard punches in the wind, but sent back left and right with fierce force. He outfought Jeannette to the end and had the round and fight.

Redding Pitches Record Ball.

When Pitcher Redding left the Philadelphia Giants and joined the Lincoln City team last July, several fans who had been closely watching this young and promising pitcher declared that Redding had to work six or seven innings before he began to warm up, in order to pitch effective ball. That Redding is one of the champion long-distance pitchers of today has been proven several times this season. His last demonstration was last Sunday at Olympic Field, when he pitched two games against the Jersey City team of the Eastern League, and won both.

Redding won his first game, 6 to 3, and the last 5 to 0. As he was not in good condition in the first inning of the first contest, he was hit for two runs, and the visitors made another run in the ninth inning. When the second game was called Redding had struck his gait, and allowed but three hits, shutting out the Eastern Leaguers without a tally. In the first game Francis made a home run in the sixth inning with two men on the bases. The scores:

FIRST GAME.

JERSEY CITY.	LINCOLN GIANTS
r. h. o. a. e.	r. h. o. a. e.
Han'rd. 11. 0 2 2 0 0	Poles. 11. 0 1 1 1 0
Abst'n. 1b. 1 0 1 0 0	Lyons. 11. 0 1 1 1 0
Roach. ss. 1 2 3 1 1	Wright. 2b. 0 0 1 1 0
Bailey. c. 0 1 6 0 0	Lloyd. ss. 2 2 1 1 0
Fullon. 3b. 1 2 1 1 0	Booker. 1b. 0 0 1 1 0
Mason. 2b. 0 0 1 1 0	Gans. rf. 0 0 1 1 0
Fitz'd. rf. 0 1 1 0 0	Brad. yrf. 2 2 1 1 0
Doos' r. p. 0 0 0 0 0	Francis. 3b. 2 1 3 2 0
Kis'er. cf. 0 0 0 0 0	Santop. c. 0 4 5 1 0
	Redding. p. 0 12 27 32

Totals. 3 8 24 9 3. Totals. 6 13 27 32
Jersey City. 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1—3
Lincoln Giants. 0 1 0 0 0 3 2 0 x—6

First base on errors—Jersey City, 2; Lincoln Giants, 2. Two-base hit—Fullerton. Home run—Francis. Sacrifice hits—Poles, Booker. Stolen bases—Bailey, Lyons, 3; Bradley, 2. Left on bases—Jersey City, 5; Lincoln Giants, 9. Double plays—Wright and Booker; Roach and Fullerton. Bases on balls—off Redding, 1; off Dooscher, 3.

JERSEY CITY. LINCOLN GIANTS.

JERSEY CITY.	LINCOLN GIANTS.
r. h. o. a. e.	r. h. o. a. e.
Han'rd. 11. 0 1 2 0 0	Poles. 11. 2 2 0 0 0
Abst'n. 1b. 0 1 8 1 0	Lyons. 11. 1 1 1 0 0
Roach. ss. 0 0 2 3 0	Wright. 2b. 1 3 1 3 0
Bailey. c. 0 0 1 0 0	Lloyd. ss. 1 1 1 2 0
Fullon. 3b. 0 0 0 0 0	Booker. 1b. 0 1 7 0 0
Mason. 2b. 0 1 0 0 0	Gans. rf. 0 1 0 0 0
Fitz'd. rf. 0 0 0 0 0	Francis. 3b. 0 0 0 0 0
Doos' r. p. 0 0 5 1 0	Santop. c. 0 11 0 0 0
Powers. p. 0 0 0 0 0	Redding. p. 0 0 0 0 0

Totals. 0 3 18 7 1. Totals. 5 10 21 5 0
Game called on account of darkness.

Jersey City. 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0
Lincoln Giants. 1 0 4 0 0 0 x—5

First base on error—Lincoln Giants, 1. Sacrifice hit—Booker. Stolen bases—Poles, Lyons, Lloyd. Left on bases—Jersey City, 6; Lincoln Giants, 3. Double play—Roach, Mason and Abst'n. Bases on balls—off Redding, 3. Struck out—by Redding, 11; by Powers, 3.

SEARCH FOR WHITE HOPE ABANDONED.

"Boxing," the London weekly paper which deals entirely with the fistie world, sees little that is encouraging in the campaign that has been waged since Johnson defeated Jeffries in the desire of unearthing a white heavyweight to bring back the title to the white race. Treating the

matter editorially in a recent issue "Boxing" says:

"Hugh McIntosh would appear to have abandoned, at least temporarily, that search for the 'white man's hope.' The Olympia Annex is closed, and though we learn that there is a prospect of our being provided with several other interesting contests under the auspices of the Australian promoter, we don't seem to have advanced much further in our investigations as to the identity of the white man who is to wrest the crown of supremacy from the colored race.

"Con O'Kelleys' started off in promising style, but he has been ordered to take a six months' rest, so that we are unlikely to see him in an English ring for some time. We have heard very little more about the numerous American discoveries, who, with the solitary exception of Jack Lester, Tommy Burns' find, would seem to have returned to the obscurity from which they appeared to be emerging. Lester may yet show the goods, but the only man of them all who looks like fulfilling early hopes is our own discovery, Bombardier Wells. Wells may or may not succeed in annexing the Lonsdale belt this month, but we feel more satisfied than ever that within a year or two, and with the physical improvement which will inevitably come in time, he should yet have a chance of proving himself the best there is.

"We want a real good man, too, and we want him badly. With Sam McVey making an almost even break of it with Langford, the four top places must be readily conceded to the representatives of the colored race—Jack Johnson, Sam Langford, Sam McVey and Joe Jeannette. Langford would appear, from the reports of his recent fight in Paris, to have been far below his usual form, and McVey is said to have appeared stale and overtired."—Cleveland Leader.

JOE JEANNETTE PUTS

AL KUBIAK AWAY.

Negro Fighter Makes Quick Work of Michigan Giant.

New York.—It took "Joe" Jeannette just 7 minutes and 40 seconds of aerial fighting to put "Al" Kubiak out the other night at the Twentieth Century Athletic Club. The finish of the Michigan man came in the third round, and came quickly. He got kind of frisky with Jeannette at the beginning of the round and "Joe" became a bit peevish when Kubiak put over a left hook to the face and supplemented it with three or four stiff body punches. Then things began to happen. There was a brief mixup, when Jeannette suddenly shot out a right straight from the shoulder. It caught Kubiak flush on the jaw and he dropped like a dead log.

He hit the floor with one of those dull, heavy thuds you read about. Just as Referee White was about to count him out he staggered to his feet and beat him off, rocked him and a right clinched to save himself. Jeannette beat him out, rocked him with a right and led to the head and again sent over his right, catching Kubiak on the side of the jaw, and once more he went to the floor. Faced and bewildered, he did rise, resting on one knee, and at one corner of seven got to his shaky legs and clinched. Jeannette saw that he had run going and put over a couple of body punches. Kubiak staggered away and Jeannette put over a right hook to the jaw. It was a comparatively light blow, and for the third time he dropped over to the canvas.

It wasn't a knockout punch by any means. Compared with the two previous fights, it was a love tap. "Times soon for him." It will clear his head, said a long time expert at the ringside, as Kubiak, on his hands and knees, waited while Referee White counted the seconds, with Jeannette hovering in the background ready to make the next one the clean-up punch. Kubiak, slow as usual, and dazed, got to his feet a second too late.

Referee White waved him to his corner. "You were on the ground at the

count of ten." Kubiak started to make a protest, but thought better of it. He had enough, and even though his brain was in a muddled condition, realized that he didn't have a chance, that it was only a question of a few seconds or minutes before he would go over the sleep route.

It was Jeannette's fight all the way. He made the big man from Wolverine State look foolish, outmarking him in cleverness and punching ability. Kubiak is as slow as a plow horse and not as good a worker. In the three rounds he didn't land half a dozen good blows, while Jeannette scored almost all with using a hard left jab most of the time. The latter did all the leading and fighting. Kubiak made such a sorry exhibition in the second that the crowd, one of the best at the club in weeks, missed and whistled waltz tunes. It was, all told, the easiest piece of boxing that Jeannette has picked up in a long time. For him it was not even a good tryout. "I'd like some of that chicken most every night in the week," said Jeannette as he hopped out of the ring without a scratch on him.

Jeannette was the first to enter the ring, and was, as usual, in tip-top condition. "Kubiak will be here in a couple of minutes," announced "Johnny" Dunn. "He was a little late in arriving."

"Well, he'll leave early," shouted some one in the rear of the hall. That was a prophet. Mr. Kubiak left much earlier than he intended. After receiving brief instructions from Referee White the two big fellows went at it. Jeannette led off with a left jab to the face. They clinched and after the break Kubiak got over a light left to the face and another to the body. Again a clinch and then Jeannette put across three left jabs without a return. Kubiak swung and pawed the air wildly. Jeannette had no trouble getting out of his way.

While Kubiak was thinking out his next move Jeannette sent in a hard right uppercut to the body and a stiff left hook to the jaw. In jumping back to avoid a swing he stumbled and fell. The bell found both roughing it in a clinch. It was good milling for big men, but the round was easily Jeannette's. He was too fast and clever for Kubiak.

In the second round Jeannette just fought rings around his opponent. He jabbed Kubiak no less than eight times in quick succession—good, hard jabs—and got away without a come back by quick footwork. He forced Kubiak all around the ring. Kubiak got over a couple of light taps to the body.

It was a night of knockouts. Four of the five bouts ended in the first and second rounds. "Young" Scanton, of Boston, was the first to take the journey to sleepland. He was given a bad beating by Leo Johnson, a negro, in the first round of a scheduled four-round bout, and lasted about half of the second.

Fred Gunter, in the semi-final, had a similar experience with Fred Blackburn, of Philadelphia, also a negro, and was knocked out in the second. Then the club management, to be generous, put on an extra bout to go for four

rounds between two negroes. "Al" Hancock, of New York, and Howard Watson, of Philadelphia. Hancock lasted about two minutes, after doing the funniest slide ever witnessed in the prize ring as a preliminary. In the first preliminary "Joe" Mooney was beaten by "Young" Mackey McFarland, after putting up a game fight. He gave fifteen pounds to his opponent.

Harvard Has Colored Star Athlete.

Regular Correspondence of THE AGE.

Cambridge, Mass., March 22.—Harvard has an athletic star in Theodore Cable, colored, of Indianapolis, Ind. Cable is an all round athlete and is expected to be a big factor in assisting the Crimson to glory in the Harvard-Yale dual meet and the inter-collegiate. Cable's best efforts are expected in the hammer throw. Last fall for ten consecutive days seven times a day the youth hurled the 16-pound hammer 148 feet by actual measurement.

Nor is the young fellow a specialist. He has run the low hurdles in better than 26 seconds, has done almost 21 feet in the broad jump and he can tear off a 100-yard dash in 10-2-5 seconds. Cable is 20 years old, a member of the sophomore class, is 5 feet 8 inches in height and weighs 182 pounds. He is working his way through college.

LEADING BASEBALL CLUBS.

The Freeman Will Publish Free a List of the Leading Baseball Clubs Each Week—Managers Get Busy.

Freeman 6-24-11

101 BASEBALL CLUB—J. E. Denton, manager, 101 Hardman avenue, Macon, Ga.

KANSAS CITY (KAN.) GIANTS—Jack Johnson, manager, 117 W. 6th street, Kansas City, Mo.

ARGENTA GARYS—H. H. Williams, manager, 301-303 E. Washington avenue, Argenta, Ark.

FALLS CITY GIANTS, of Louisville, Ky. Pete Walker, manager; R. S. Gibbs, booking agent. Address 1001-1003 West Walnut street, Louisville, Ky.

SOUTHERN GIANTS—Jim Houston, manager, Meridian, Miss.

MAJESTIC WHITE SOCKS—W. H. Newton, manager, 137 Central avenue, Hot Springs, Ark.

ALL CUBANS OF HAVANA, CUBA (the Western Team). Nat. C. Strong, business manager, World bldg., New York City.

CUBAN STARS OF HAVANA, CUBA (Eastern Team). Nat. C. Strong, business manager, World bldg., New York City.

PHILADELPHIA GIANTS OF PHILADELPHIA, PA. Nat. C. Strong, business manager, World bldg., New York City.

ROYAL GIANTS OF NEW YORK. Nat. C. Strong, business manager, World bldg., New York City.

FAST HAVANA STARS. Arthur E. Bean, owner and manager, 104 W. 30th street, Chicago, Ill.

MEMPHIS TIGERS—W. S. Smith, manager, 921 Willoughby street, Memphis, Tenn.

NEW ORLEANS—Frank Walker, manager, 8838 Oak street, New Orleans, La.

FAY AVENUE GIANTS—W. S. Hunt, manager, 200 Beale avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

KLOETHE REDS—Dave E. Johnson, manager, 125 Gulpha street, Hot Springs, Ark.

KANSAS CITY ROYAL GIANTS—Geo. Walden, manager, 1005 McGee street, Kansas City, Mo.

THE KEYSTONES—Col. Edw. F. Mitchell, manager, 1313 Washington avenue, S. Minneapolis, Minn.

THE UNIONS—Dick Garrison, manager, 1006 Wylie avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

FRENCH LICK PLUTOS—Elmer E. Pettis, manager, French Lick, Ind.

PENSACOLA GIANTS—Jas. Goldstucker, manager, Chase and Tarracona streets, Pensacola, Fla.

BLACK BRONCHO FEMALE B. B. C.—Conrad Kuebler, manager, 3133 North Broadway street, St. Louis, Mo.

ST. LOUIS GIANTS—Chas. A. Mills, manager, 2309 Chestnut street, St. Louis, Mo.

CHICAGO UNION GIANTS—W. A. Teters, manager, 1411 Grand ave. Chicago, Ill.

A. B. C's—Ran Butler, manager, Fifteenth street and Northwestern avenue, Indianapolis, Ind.

THE ATLANTA DEPPENS—A. B. Speer, manager, 546 Decatur street, Atlanta, Ga.

WEST BADEN SPRUELS—C. I. Taylor, manager, West Baden, Ind.

CUBAN GIANTS—John M. Bright, manager, 76 Columbia avenue, West Hoboken, N. J.

BUXTON WONDERS—G. L. Neal and R. Sailes, managers, 34 East Fourth street, Buxton, Iowa.

MONTGOMERY STARS—W. Cobb, manager, 210 Hutchinson street, Montgomery, Ala.

THE MAROONS—W. H. Ford, president and manager, 3628 Central avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

MOBILE DIXIE STARS—Wm. Benbow, manager, Dixie Park, Mobile, Ala.

LOUISVILLE CUBS—James Stringer, manager; Ed. Lancaster, booking agent, 616 West Walnut street, Louisville, Ky.

BROWN'S TENNESSEE RATS—W. A. Brown, manager enroute.

COLORED BALL CLUB—James Oliver, 409 Olive street, Evansville, Ind.

PEKIN TIGERS—J. C. Morgan, manager, 2242 Scovill avenue, Cleveland, O.

LITTLE ROCK COLTS—C. Smith, manager, 1516 Scott street, Little Rock, Ark.

LITTLE MISSOURI GIANTS—C. Terrell, president; W. J. Ford, manager, 1122 Dodge street, Omaha, Neb.

CHICAGO LELAND GIANTS—Beauregard F. Mosely, secretary and treasurer, 6221 Halsted street, Chicago, Ill.

KLONDYKE BALL CLUB—R. D. Stokes, owner; D. Roseborough, manager, Columbia, S. C.

KANSAS CITY CYCLOPES—A. S. Price, manager, 1732 Brooklyn avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

THE BLACK DIAMONDS—W. H. Hopkins, manager, Gen. Delivery, Starks, Miss.

GREENWOOD GIANTS—J. Blaine Boyd, manager, 523 Second avenue, Nashville, Tenn.

COLUMBIA ATHLETICS—S. H. Dunnington, manager, 80 E. 7th street, Columbia, Tenn.

TWIN CITY GOPHERS—R. W. Marshall, manager, 1020 Metropolitan Life Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

Tuscaloosa Giants, Albert Browley, 2120 12th street, or James Stradder, 611 23d avenue, managers, Tuscaloosa, Ala.

THE IMPERIALS—Geo. T. Kyle, manager, 420 N. Third street, East St. Louis, Ill.

JACKSON STARS—Joe Hudson, manager, 124 N. Farish street, Jackson, Miss.

FINISHES AT CORNELL.

Special to THE NEW YORK AGE.

Roscoe Conklin Giles, son of Dr. and Mrs. Francis F. Giles, of 1003 Pacific street, Brooklyn, graduated from the Department of School of Arts of Cornell University, receiving the degree of A. B., on Thursday, June 22, 1911. He also received a certificate from the State Board of Health at Albany, N. Y., showing that he had completed the required course by the State of New York, in Sanitary Science.

Mr. Giles graduated from Grammar School No. 70, at the age of twelve years, and entered the Boys' High School, at Marcy and Putnam avenues. He was the first colored boy to win the silver medal at this school. After graduating from the Boys' High School four years ago, he entered Cornell University, where he specialized in the sciences, especially chemistry, mathe-

and the languages, with a view
ing up the study of medicine. He
enter Cornell Medical College
fall, in New York City, with ad-
vanced credit. During his four years
at Cornell, he was a member of the
famous Cornell crew, which is the
"King of the Waters," and is said to
be the first colored boy that has rowed
on the Cayuga Lake, in a shell belong-
ing to Cornell University.

IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

By LESTER A. WALTON

Colored and Whites Play Great Game.

ON Tuesday, October 3, an unusual scene was presented in Key West, Fla. A picked team from the white schools of the city crossed bats with the colored players of the Douglass School in an exciting game on Jackson Square. The colored team won by the score of 2 to 0.

The features of the game were the pitching of Hepburn of the Douglass School, who allowed but twenty-seven opposing batsmen to face him, striking out eighteen men and allowing but one player on the picked team to reach first, and the quick time in which the contest was played—48 minutes.

The umpire called "Play ball" at 3.58, and as the clock was striking the hour of four, three men had been put out in the first half of the first inning.

The only runs scored were in the second half of the first inning, when Soto and Prichard of the Douglass team were walked and walked on Stevens' two-base hit to right, which was the only hit of the game. After the first inning neither side scored.

The pitching of Hepburn and Aselido was classy. The only error in the game was made by Albury of the Douglass School, who missed a fly in center, allowing the only player on the picked team to get to first. The score:

WHITE PICKED TEAM.					DOUGLASS SCHOOL.				
r.	h.	a.	b.	e.	r.	h.	a.	b.	e.
Gordon, ss.	0	0	0	2	Soto, lb.	1	0	4	0
Calbra, 3b.	0	0	0	2	Prich'd, 2b.	1	0	1	1
Solom'n, c.	0	0	12	0	Stevens, 3b.	0	1	0	2
Orcen, cf.	0	0	0	0	Willms, c.	0	0	18	0
Aselido, p.	0	0	0	6	Hepburn, p.	0	0	1	4
Bolivia, lb.	0	0	1	0	S. Alb'ry, ss.	0	0	0	2
Mal'co, lf.	0	0	0	0	Curry, lf.	0	0	0	1
Gwyn, 2b.	0	0	0	0	Dean, rf.	0	0	2	0
Am'do, rf.	0	0	1	0	G. Alb'ry, cf.	0	0	0	1

Totals 0 0 24 10 6 Totals .2 1 24 10 1
Douglass School 1 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
White Picked Team 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

Summary: Hits off Aselido, 1; off Hepburn, 0. Two-base hit, Stevens. Left on bases, Douglass School, 2; W. P. T., 0. Base on balls, off Aselido, 3; off Hepburn, 0. Struck out, by Aselido, 12; by Hepburn, 18. Time of game, 48 minutes. Umpire, O. Lewis.

IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

By LESTER A. WALTON

When Cobb Struck Out in Cuba.

IN a game played a few days ago in Havana between the Detroit team of the American League and the Havana nine, the natives went wild when Mendez, the crack Cuban pitcher,

struck out Ty Cobb.

As Cobb came to the island bearing the reputation of being the star player of the American League, the Cuban fans have been anxious to see one of their pitchers strike out the "Georgia Peach." When Cobb made his first appearance at bat he made a home run and two singles, but since the first game he has not lambasted the horsehide at a terrific rate.

In the last game between the Havana team and the Detroit, Cobb set the local enthusiasts wild by missing three good ones thrown by Mendez. Although the home team was defeated the fans did not care, as Ty Cobb had gone through the unusual spectacle of striking out.

Ed Evans, in writing to the New York Times on the national game in Cuba, says:

"The Tigers took them the unique distinction of being the only team that has ever won a series of games from the Cuban teams on Havana soil. Two games were played, of which the Detroit team won seven, lost four, and tied one."

"The former American League champions got away to a good start, defeating the Havana team in the opening game by the lopsided score of 10 to 2. In the second game the Tigers shut out the favorite Cuban team, the Almendares, by the score of 3 to 0. The two opening successes were followed by three defeats by a single run and a tie game. The Tigers then traced and won five out of the last six games, after being held a trifle better than even in the first six games of the series."

"There is no denying the fact that it takes an American team some time to get acclimated, and the Detroit Club had evidently just struck its gait as the series came to a close. Early in the series the hard-hitting Tigers failed to do anything to speak of at the bat, but in the last few games they hit the leather to all parts of the field, most of the drives being for extra bases."

"The scores of the games which no doubt will interest the fans in the States were as follows: Detroit, 10, Havana, 2; Detroit, 3; Almendares, 0; Detroit, 2; Havana, 3; Detroit, 1; Almendares, 2; (eleven innings); Detroit, 1; Havana, 2; Detroit, 2; Almendares, 2; (eleven innings); Detroit, 4; Havana, 2; Detroit, 3; Almendares, 0; Detroit, 0; Havana, 3; Detroit, 3; Almendares, 2; (eleven innings); Detroit, 12; Havana, 4; Detroit, 6; Almendares, 3. Three games were shut-outs, four games were decided by one run, one game was tied, and three contests went over time. Quite a series."

"The Almendares team is not without its freak player. The favorite Havana team has in its line-up just about the huskiest baseball player in captivity. The gentleman in question answers to the Spanish name of Castillo, and when in condition tips the scale in the neighborhood of 200 pounds. A year ago Castillo won a \$1,200 prize in one of the lotteries of Cuba, and as a result he has been living on the fat of the land. At present he weighs about 285, yet he plays the initial sack in right good style. It is hardly probable that Omer Frank Farrel of the New York Americans would consider a trade of Ed Chase for the corpulent Cuban. Things have been breaking badly in a baseball way for Castillo ever since he struck it rich in the lottery. Last year he led the Cuban league in hitting, yet he failed to make

a single base hit in the entire Detroit series of twelve games. Evidently easily gotten riches are not conducive to a good batting eye."

"Four American colored players are at present taking part in the Cuban pastime. They are Pete Hill, Sam Lloyd, Grant Johnson and Catcher Petway. During the summer these clever boys are members of the famous Leland Giants of Chicago. These four players have been very much in evidence in the victories scored by the Havana team over Detroit. Their high-class work in all departments made it possible for the Havana Club to get an even break in the six games. It is possible all four will remain in Cuba until April, playing in the Cuban League, which opens December 25."

Basketball Notes.

The female basketball match between the young ladies of Brooklyn and Jersey City will be played at Arlington Hall, Jersey City, Friday evening, December 23.

The game between the All Stars and the Harvard University Basketball team, which will be played at Manhattan Casino December 30, promises to be one of the sharpest games of the basketball season. Neither quintet has lost a game this season and a battle royal is looked for.

The first of a series of three games for a silver loving cup will be played at Manhattan Casino New Year's afternoon between the St. Christopher Club and the Smart Set Athletic Club. The teams are said to be evenly matched, and there is much speculation as to which quint will become owner of the cup.

Major Hart announces that arrangements have been almost completed for a game between the All Stars and the Tenth Cavalry Basketball team on

IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

By LESTER A. WALTON

Colored Players and the Big Leagues.

REFERENCE has been made frequently in the daily papers this season of the series of games played last winter in Cuba between the Detroit of the American League and the Havana team, which was won by the latter. The writers invariably speak of the Havana nine as having been composed entirely of Cuban players, when as a matter of fact four American Negroes were the stars of the aggregation. They were Lloyd, P. Hill, Petway and "Home Run" Johnson.

The prominent part played by the colored players from the United States is shown by statistics giving the batting averages made by the five leading batters of the series, as follows: Lloyd, .500; Johnson, .412; Petway, .390; Cobb, .370; Crawford, .360. Not a Cuban player wielded the batting stick with such effectiveness as Lloyd, Johnson and Petway, who swatted the ball oftener than the renowned Ty Cobb and the heavy-hitting Crawford of the Detroit team.

Many colored players believe that

the presence of Marsans and Almeida, Cubans, on the Cincinnati team, is of great significance and will have great bearing on the future destiny of the colored men in baseball. True, Marsans and Almeida are very light Cubans and look like any of the other white players; but they are Cubans nevertheless, but there are a number of colored men playing semi-professional ball whose complexions are as light as the Cubans for that matter.

The fact remains that the American public is aware that the big leagues managers have decided to permit colored men—Cubans—to play on the major league teams. Now that the first shock is over it would not be surprising to see a Cuban a few shades darker than Almeida and Marsans breaking into the professional ranks, with a coal-black Cuban on the order of the crack pitcher, Mendez, making his debut later on. Manager McGraw of the New York Giants is quoted as having said that if Mendez was a white man he would give a large sum of money for his release, and as quiet as it is kept, if McGraw did not think he would raise too much of a racket he would sign Mendez today. He is one manager who is not chuck full of color prejudice, as he has shown by using Meyers, the big Indian catcher. McGraw's chief aim is to win games, and as long as a player makes good he does not bother as to what race he is identified.

With the admission of Cubans of a darker hue in the two big leagues it would then be easy for colored players who are citizens of this country to get into fast company. The Negro in this country has more varied hues than even the Cubans, and the only way to distinguish him would be to hear him talk. Until the public got accustomed to seeing native Negroes on big leagues, the colored players could keep their mouths shut and pass for Cubans.

It is strange that the big league managers are opposed to colored men of this country playing in the National and American Leagues. In all other forms of sport the Negro is not barred from competing, except, of course, in the South. White and colored runners take part in the same events; the Caucasian and Negro meet in the fistier arena, and white and colored jockeys ride rival horses on the different race courses. Then, if there is no race prejudice on the race track, in the prize ring and on the cinder path, why should there be on the baseball field?

The St. Louis Post-Dispatch recently published an article on "The Great American Game," which is worthy of reproduction.

The article:

There is some doubt if baseball, after all, is the great American game. We play it, to be sure, but the colored people play it so much better that the time is apparently coming when it shall be known as the great African game.

The St. Louis Giants, a black baseball team, have easily beaten

everything in town but the Browns and the Cardinals, and neither of these latter will play them.—The Chicago Giants, all alligator bait, have done the same thing in that city, and there are no end of people up there willing to wager that they can beat either the White Sox or the Cubs.

Your Negro is not a bad athlete. Peter Jackson only missed being heavyweight champion of the world because the holders of that title through the years of his prime would not fight him, and Jack Johnson, more fortunate, bestrides the earth to-day like a black Colossus. The greatest bicycle racer America ever produced was Major Taylor, a Negro. Forced off on the other side of the track by the white conspiracy against him, he rode yards and hundreds of yards further than anyone else in the race, and still usually won it. Subsequently the best riders of Europe sat up on their machines and watched the sunlight flash on his black heels.

But it is in baseball that the descendant of Ham is at his athletic best. Less removed from the anthropoid ape, he gets down on his hands and knees better, springs higher, for liners, has a much stronger and stiffer grip, and can get in and out of a base on all fours in a way that makes the higher product of evolution look like a lousy leaguer.

It requires some courage to predict that colored baseball, like colored pugilism, is to supersede the white brand, but someone has to think ahead and indicate whither we drift, and we therefore wish to go upon record as having said that it will.

If the Browns and Cardinals will admit the St. Louis Giants to a three-cornered series for the local championship this fall it will begin in St. Louis right away.

Taking up the idea advanced by the Post-Dispatch, why can't a three-cornered game be arranged between the New York Giants, the New York Americans and the Lincoln Giants or the Royal Giants for the local championship? The spectacle of white and colored teams competing is common in and about New York. Five or more colored clubs play white teams throughout the season before large crowds; so far as the public is concerned no traditions or customs would be shattered.

The last time a big league team of New York City played a colored nine was two years ago, when the New York Americans, after finishing the season, went to a small town in Connecticut and played the Royal Giants, losing by a one-sided score. Of course, from a business standpoint, for a major league team to be defeated by a colored semi-professional aggregation does not tend to boost the stock of the big leaguers, and it is probably from this standpoint many of our managers look

at the proposed race track, in the prize ring and on the cinder path, why should there be on the baseball field?

Passing of the Negro Jockey.

Colored Rider is as Rare on the Race Tracks of To-Day as is a Gray Horse.

The death, in impoverished circumstances, of "Soup" Perkins at the Hamilton (Ont.) Jockey Club courts recently emphasizes the practical extinction of the Negro as a race rider.

Three decades ago the Negro was in his zenith as a jockey. At that time the majority of owners of thoroughbred horses were in the South, and the Negro was the natural attendant of the horses. Gradually, with the coming of the sport to the North, the Negro jockey lost his ascendancy. The white boy became the preferred one, and today a colored race rider is as rare on the tracks as is a gray horse.

The great Negro jockeys Isaac Murphy was the peer in conduct and in judgment of any white rider. "Lonny" Clayton and his brother both were well behaved, well dressed and competent jockeys. "Pike," Barnes rode himself into the list of immortals by winning the first Futurity with Proctor Knott, beating the great Salvator; Willie Simms achieved success both in this country and in England; then there were "Coley" Stone and Tony Hamilton. "Soup" Perkins, who later made his debut in the East with Henry of Navarre, and Joe Harris, who was the star rider in California in 1907.

The majority of these riders are dead. The others are poor. Those who are not dead have passed away from the turf. Isaac Murphy the dean and the idol of the black race, as he was the pride of all horsemen, died in Louisville practically penniless. He was crushed by the accusation that he was drunk when Tea Tray in the midsummer of 1890 defeated the great Firenze. He was suspended for 30 days by the stewards of the meeting—a most inadequate sentence if he was intoxicated and an unjust verdict if he had been drugged, as was generally understood. Perhaps the association did not care to have its great new park saddled with what promised to be the gravest scandal on the American turf.

That practically ended the turf

Murphy was tubercular, and in addition developed stomach trouble from his efforts to keep down to weight. This latter ailment was added to by his fondness for champagne. It was, he contended, the only liquor he could take that would strengthen without fattening him. often said his champagne bills were equal to all his other living expenses, and he lived well. He spent about \$12,000 a year for 10 years, for he had a number of camp followers.

"Pike" Barnes for a time promised to maintain a high place in the jockey ranks, but a fondness for night life dulled his judgment. An accident, too, brought on a timidity that he could not seem to be able to shake off. He was riding in Chicago in a race in which a boy named Abbas fell. "Pike's" horse strode on the boy and literally crushed the life out of him. Barnes's nerve was gone forever after. He rode one or two good races subsequently—notably his victory on Ten ny in the Brooklyn Handicap—but practically his career ended with the accident. It was said he could not be induced to sleep in the night time, sitting up until daylight, then to fall asleep until it would be time for him to go to the races.

Of course, such a life meant ruin. Barnes had the good sense not to dally about the tracks and become a wreck. He took with him what was left of his savings and started a saloon in Chicago. He lasted only half dozen seasons. None of his race has since attained the eminence he achieved.

Some may question this latter statement and point to Willie Simms, but Simms was a consistent jockey rather than a sensational one. He earned large fees when he rode for Michael F. Dwyer and Richard Croker. But money seemed to flow from him. He had at one time or it was so reported, a bank account of generous proportions and some land on Ocean Parkway, Brooklyn, but it has gone. The trip which he took to England in the ill-starred Dwyer and Croker invasion of 1895, it was said, was responsible for the bulk of his losses, and it probably was. He and Mr. Dwyer, it was believed, "stood a tap" on Harry Reed in the Stewards' Cup

when that fast horse was left at the post. Be that as it may, Simms has passed from the saddle and has taken with him nothing of the fortune that once was his.

Tony Hamilton was another of the great black riders. Friends rescued his body from a pauper's grave and gave it decent burial. He must have earned at least \$100,000 in 10 years. He had no particularly large vices, but he never had the slightest appreciation of the value of money. He was without education, and, except when in the saddle, was perhaps the most stupid and uninteresting person that ever passed through the gate of a race course. He could neither read nor write, and it was difficult to understand what he said. No trainer ever was certain Tony understood what was said to him.

He was, however, a natural horseman, alert at the post, a fair judge of pace and a powerful finisher. Most jockeys have a habit of talking to their mounts when on the way to the post but Hamilton kept on a constant kind of gibber that was always a source of amusement. Most of the money he earned he gave away. He had a sort of mushroom growth, springing in a short time from an undersized exercise boy with a cot in a stall to where he could earn hundreds of dollars in a day. Perhaps it is little wonder, under the circumstances, that he didn't appreciate money's value. Champagne and diamonds were his weaknesses. The \$1,000 diamond that he would wear today would be the property of his valet or his favorite tomorrow. A "bank roll" to him was merely a bank roll. It might be of \$1 notes or of \$50 or of \$100 notes. It was good just for so long as it lasted.

If it were of \$1 notes it probably lasted him as long as would one composed entirely \$100 notes.

It was pathetic at times to see the way in which the black boy was parting with his money, but he apparently did not realize it and it was not until his money was all gone and necessity for bread and shelter and medicine passed him that it came to him how valuable a little saving might have been.

The Claytons—Lonny particularly—lasted perhaps better than any of the other boys riding, for the reason that they took good care of themselves, but the white boys, outstripped them, and they had sense enough to retire while they still had some of the money they had earned. One of their contemporaries was Thompson,

who rode many a "good thing" for Jack McDonald and the coterie of smart horsemen who made money in the days of Clifton and of Guttenburg. He was a strong finisher, but his career was short. He could not stand the climate or the reducing necessary, and passed away, with no one of his color at these tracks to succeed him, if Harry Jones be excepted.

But Jones lacked brain. He was just as illiterate as Hamilton, and his season was a brief one. He was not treated generously, and he became sour and heavy, and finally met a deserved discipline for some suspicious work. He had no ambition afterward, and drifted into the submerged. Penn shone for a time with the stable of A. H. & D. H. Morris, but he rapidly went the way of the others.

Joe Harris, who was better known in the West than in the East, having ridden for Richard F. Carman in the season of 1907, when he was the premier jockey at Ascot Park, was the best of the late colored riders. He was killed in Texas two years ago. He called on a young woman in his native town and took her for a drive. A rival warned him not to do it again. He not only did not heed the warning, but went to the stable where his rival kept a horse, told the liveryman he had been sent for the horse, got it, took the woman out and, after returning her to her home, took the horse back to the stable. The rival with an automatic pistol killed him before Harris could reach for his gun.

At Empire City Schilling paced him in his races, and the result is told in the records at Saratoga. As a long-distance rider, Schilling has no peer. He makes a study of the track and his surroundings all the time. He knows just what to do and when to do it. His only fault is his surly disposition, which gets him into frequent trouble with the starter.

Murphy is certainly the best negro jockey developed since the best days of J. Lee. He is a Texas-raised negro, but claims Kentucky ancestors. Some of his riding has been of a brilliant order, but he undoubtedly shines on a free-going horse. What his class, even in his present lucky streak of riding, can be best judged when he stacks up with a jockey like Fred Schilling.

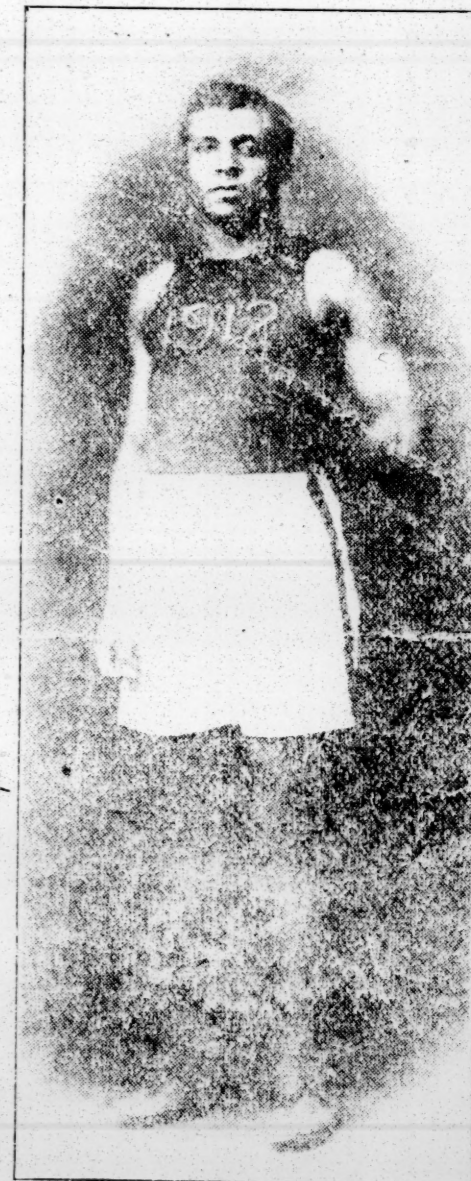
James (Soup) Perkins, the noted colored jockey who died a few days ago in Canada, was buried in Lexington, last Sunday. Perkins was known all over the American turf. There remains now only three of the old-time jockeys. At the present time Austin is the leading colored jockey in America, while Winkfield is holding his own in Russia. The days of colored boys are about gone so far as the American turf is concerned.

C. Fred. White in Athletics.

When Charles Fred. White entered the University of Pennsylvania in 1908, after two years of athletics in preparatory schools in New England, he had competed in a track and athletic contests, in which he had won about 30 prizes. In no meet that he ever did he fail to win at least one first, second or third place, and on two occasions he had won first and second place medals in a single afternoon, the majority being first prizes. He had been a member of both the Varsity track team at Phillips Exeter Academy and Williston Seminary.

During his Freshman year in the U. of Pa. he won more points than any other member of the track team, and he has also competed on the Varsity team here.

Last summer, in seven contests in this city and Chicago he won fourteen first, second and third places. In the A. O. H. Games at Philadelphia Washington Park, on May 30th, past, White annex-



C. FRED WHITE

ed his sixty-first prize, a gold Elgin watch, for the first place in the 220 yd. dash and secured fourth in the broad jump.

It has required just 20 contests for him to acquire these trophies, which include gold, silver and bronze medals and cups, china steinet, track paraphernalia and various other things.

His competition covers numerous events, 50, 100, 220, and 440 yard dashes; high and broad jumps and hop-step-and-jump; high and low hurdles; shot-put, hammer-throw and discus throw; in every one of which he has won prizes.

It would require too much time and space to tell of his many important and exciting races and contests; but suffice it to say that he held in 1907 the Western Massachusetts and Amherst Interscholastic broad jump championship and record, the Amherst Interscholastic high jump championship and record for 1908, and is now the holder of the A. A. U. Mid. Atl. Div. 200 yard championship for 1910 and the 50-yard indoor championship for 1911.

He is also joint holder of the A. A. U.

And the athletic championship of Williston Seminary for the same year, having won in four contests 13 first, 5 second, and 2 third places, making a total of 82 points.

National All Around Championship 100 yard dash record, made in Chicago in the All-Around contest last August.

Runner Dismond Injured.

Henry Binga Dismond, the Howard University record holder, who has been wearing the "Blue and Orange" of the Smart Set A. C. of Brooklyn in the large athletic meets in this locality for the past six weeks, was quite severely injured on July 9, while participating in the Knights of St. Anthony's games at the Guttenberg race track. Among a field of track runners such as Dorsey and R. Edwards, he received the low handicap figure of five yards in the 440 yard event. About fifty yards after the start he "kicked" his left shoe, but determination to win was so firmly set that he continued in the run, working through the entire field and was leading by a safe margin until within about sixty yards of the tape, when he was forced to abandon the race on account of the excruciating pain from several severe cuts in his foot and had to be carried from the track. The race was won by Philip Hauser of the National A. C. in 50 1-5 seconds, which clearly evidences the terrific pace set by Dismond, running with only one shoe. His pluck, however, will put him out of racing for the next month or more, which fact is to be greatly deplored, as Dismond is being hailed as the fastest colored sprinter since the days of the late John B. Taylor.

Dismond's three starts have been very successful. In the New York Post Office Clerk's games at Celtic Park, May 27, he was awarded a gun metal stop watch, third prize in the 300 yard handicap run. At the Owl Field Club meet on May 30 he entirely outclassed his field in the 400 yard run, winning easily. On June 17 in the Knickerbocker A. C. games at Paterson, N. J., in the 300 yard event he again ran away from a fast field of sprinters, and was awarded a handsome silver loving cup.

Robert P. Lattimore, broad jumper and sprinter of the Smart Set A. C. is again rounding into good form. In the running broad jump event at the Knights of St. Anthony games on July 9, he succeeded in capturing third

prize. The event was won by T. Ahearne of the New York A. C.

George Ralston, the new 100 yard "find" of the Smart Set A. C., showed up in good style in the above games, winning his heat and running a close fourth in the final event.

Negro

THE COLORED INVASION.

Australia the Fight Mecca—Sam McVea a Very Achilles—Will Jack Johnson Be His Hector.

By Billy.

As at the call of the good Arab who parades the walls, the good Mussulman turns his face to Mecca, so the sporting world has eyes on Australia, thinking that in the very near future the physical mastery of the world will be decided on that ground. The fight captains have been on the scene for some time, most of them going thousands of miles to be at the fest de pugilism which promises to wind up with that piece de resistance, Jack Johnson vs. Sam McVea.

But before entering the thick of the business it will be interesting, perhaps, to know what's being said in a general way about what is called the Black Invasion or the Colored Invasion, as the "hegira" is now known. Some time ago I called attention to what Australian papers had to say. They took a rather kindly view of the invasion, treating it rather as an enjoyable thing from the standpoint of show and sport. The mix-up of the races was slightly referred to, giving the impression that the idea was somewhat novel and surprising, but that it was their own affair, dismissing it in some such way, but not without the inference that they did not relish the idea any too much.

An illustrated journal from Melbourne gives a picture of the ensemble, picturing the Negroes just about as is done in the United States at times, only without gross exaggeration. They seem to be taking off the Negro as he would if ad lib. And while there's no reason that he should not strut and spout, attended by white female companions, as they are pictured, yet it is not the expected in the States; nor do we think it is very much expected anywhere else. Sam McVea sits in a carriage, throwing out smoke like a consumerless smokestack of an Indianapolis factory. Sitting with him is a beautiful appearing white woman, most fashionably attired. There seems to be method in the drawing. Without any disrespect to those concerned, the picture reminds one of the beauty and the beast.

On the street are yet strollers of the propaganda, dressed in the height of fashion; but the general appearance is marred by the too expansive grins, giving a Negro minstrel show effect. The picture suggests exaggerated importance, and is helpful to show business, and perhaps also to the sport business, but certainly it is not in the interest of the set or their kind as preferred citizens.

Now, for fear that it may be thought that I am injecting my own personality in the matter, I will quote a bit from an Australian publication:

"What are you going to do, sir? What are we going to do? Here is all signs coming out to Australia. Sam Vea and Billy McClain are out here, and Sam Langford, Joe Jeannette and Jack Johnson are on their way out. Is that not so?"

The speaker was a well-dressed Melbourne bookmaker, and it appeared to hurt his feelings that these colored boxers are coming to Australia, and there is no doubt whatever that they will be well paid for the work they will do.

"What are we going to do? Why, when they fight we will make it our business to occupy one of the best seats near the ringside. That's what we are going to do," and we puffed away at a cigar we had in our mouth as if that question was settled for once and for all.

"And they tell me," continued the speaker, "that they have white women for their wives, American women at that, too, stylish, good-looking women, too, and they are accompanying their husbands too. I

that so?"

"You are correct, sir. Do you blame them?"

"Oh, no. I am also informed that McVea has two up-to-date motors, Jeannette has two motors. Langford is satisfied with one motor, whilst Johnson has three motors and his wife has diamonds as big as walnuts. Tell me the truth. Is that a fact?"

"We believe you are right again, sir."

"Dear, dear me. What are you going to do then? Can you tell me that?" said the bookmaker, scratching his head.

"What can we do?"

"You don't mean to tell me you can't do anything. Oh, by the by, I nearly forgot to ask you whether you have seen Sam McVea and his wife."

"We replied in the affirmative."

"Well, I see where he was interviewed by a Sydney lady reporter; that McVea was almost child-like in his ways and as gentle as a baby."

The speaker's earnestness, combined with the question, made us burst into an uproarious laugh, which evidently nettled him, for he gripped his hat, and as he ambled out of the office we heard him mutter to himself:

"What are you going to do?"

But to the fight. Reno will have to look to its laurels. The fight of Rushcutter Bay, Sydney, Australia, rubs it closely for the first place in fight affairs. This in view of size of the country, the wealth, the standing of the individuals, McVea and Lester, as compared with Johnson and Jeffries; nor was the significance attached to the fight. There was some significance, however. McVea is paving the way to Jack Johnson. The sporting world knows it, and it was eager (the Australian portion) to see the man that would meet the Negro champion. That much significance, but not that of the quintessence of white manhood going down before a Negro in a contest for the physical supremacy of the world.

Descriptions of the fight fairly rival those of Reno, when the cream of reportorial staffs of America and also abroad sent their stuff through in the choicest English, reserving nothing that tended to embellish their messages. Never in the world's history was there such a flow of rhetoric as "flew" at Reno—classic Reno. But Rushcutter, of non-euphony, is scarcely behind. Here follows partial report:

There were all of 20,000 people inside the circular inclosure, while a good many more than half as many surged and sweated and swore outside because they could not gain admission, owing to the fact that the interior, as regards the enormous seating accommodation of the terraces, was packed by 8 o'clock, had become stacked and jammed and crammed even while thousands on the outskirts of the crowd in South Head road were only beginning to struggle to approach the pay boxes.

The management was splendid in all but the means of procuring tickets, and that there must be better arrangements outside was made abundantly evident. To be ordinary eye the provision would appear ample for almost any demand; but this was not an ordinary occasion; indeed, it proved quite extraordinary, and the management was taken by surprise, in a measure, by the remarkable public interest displayed in the meeting between the newly-arrived California Negro, Sam McVea, and the young American conqueror of Bill Lang, Jack Lester.

From everywhere the throng poured Stadiumward, and as early as 7 o'clock an almost continuous line of tram cars hummed laboriously up William street, pinched, packed with passengers inside and out, till they looked like Gargantuan swarms of bees with the trolley pole representing the branch they hung on. Nearly every motor, taxi and cab in the city was heading Stadiumwards, too.

By 8:30 every one of the enormous stock of chairs held by the Stadium, Ltd., was exhausted, and the staff was to be seen fighting fiercely through the throng around the wire zarba that defends the inner space from the outer flat below the

terraces, carrying even the office chairs for the use of despairing patrons, who, having attained the flat, found not only no chairs, but no space to put 'em on when they were secured, except by the friendly unselfishness of those already seated, who contrived to squeeze together and gain a few inches here and there, till room was made for a seat to be jammed in. It was a sight to gladden the heart of any promoter, and that Mr. McIntosh's was gladdened was evident. Mac might well have quoted Sir Joseph Porter and recited truthfully:

"My amazement, my surprise. You may learn from the expression of my eyes."

The boss promoter was here, there and everywhere; inside at first, showing early arriving pressmen the nice arrangements made for their comfort and convenience, which are a vast improvement on the original style and which were much appreciated by "the boys." Mr. Vincent, the press agent for the Stadium, had a seat marked off for every newspaper, cable and press agency in the city, so that there was no confusion or jealousy. Even in such a crush the scribes were never for a moment incommode. There is no doubt but that Mr. McIntosh's experience abroad has tended to the advantage of a class who are all too little considered by entrepreneurs of all kinds, and yet without whom the biggest enterprises would fall flat, stale and unprofitable—the gentlemen of the press.

Perhaps enough has been given to justify the assertion that Rushcutter and Reno were very important pugilistic ports, and perhaps in a class together. Rushcutter is an outgrowth of Reno; had there been no Reno there would not have been that other city of abominable name. They stand for the same purpose, no matter how unconnected. The same Jack Johnson is expected to appear on the scene, that his measure may be taken, and in the interest of some budding white hope.

Billy McClain gives it out that Jack Johnson has signed to fight in Australia December 26. If he does, says McClain, the contest will draw a quarter of a million dollars. McClain seems to be right, judging by the noise already made since the landing of the "invasion."

So far Sam McVea has proven a very Achilles. You know that distinguished Grecian of antiquity stopped only short of the gods. He sulked once, and nothing could draw him from his tent but the name of Hector, the redoubtable. He loaned his armor that he still indirectly help the Grecian side, but he exclaimed impetuously, when the imploring embassy withdrew from his tent, "Leave Hector for me." He was willing that the others might kill as they would, but he wished the pleasure of killing Hector. Is Jack Johnson reserved to go down before

the "lance" of Sam McVea? It's now a world question as it concerns the pugilistic phase of sport. Some have come to believe that McVea is the only man left in the world that can give decent battle to the supposed invincible. And it looks that way. The white man's hopes are literally lying a-bornin'. Jeffries, Morris, Lester, with Flynn on deck. The world asks, and who is Flynn? Flynn put it over Morris and won the right to be considered as a hope. However, those who know things don't seem to have very much faith in him.

We shall see what we shall see about December 26. McClain insists that Jack must show up or relinquish his claim in favor of his man McVea. In the event of two worthy sons of Mars clashing arms all battles of the kind will sound as tinkling cymbals. A new Reno will erect that will dwarf the old as giant dwarfs pigmy.

"A FINE WALLOP."

Why Lester Covered Up.

Sydney, Australia. "What can I tell you? I was beaten, and I don't want to make excuses. I did my very best, and yet I was beaten. But

I'm not a bit downhearted. Why should I be? I'm only 20, while he's 27, and has had three times my experience. I can only say that he's a great fighter. He's the best I've ever taken the ring against, and I'm sure very pleased I did as well as I did. He's a better fighter than, for instance, Colin Bell."

Bell, who was present, laughed heartily with the others at the joke against himself.

"You know, this fellow McVea has had such a wide knowledge of ring work that he has developed into a champion ring general. That's why I covered up and took no chances. You can't afford to do it when you're fighting the second best man in the world—or thereabouts. If I had unfolded and gone after him he would probably have rocked me more than he did, although I must say that all through the fight, though I was getting a doing and knew it, I was sure all along that he couldn't knock me out. I went into the ring with that opinion, and I found it was justified. All the same, he carries a fine wallop, and can punch a great deal harder than Bill Lang. That's it, you see. I don't mind being beaten by a man like that, but it's different when the man you are battling with is Bill Lang. It would hurt me greatly to go under to him."

Lester delivered himself of all this while lying on a couch in his little dressing room, on the broad of his back, while his attendants busied themselves over him. Then an unfortunate thing happened. Harry Nathan, whom Lester has before praised as the finest rubber-down and trainer he ever met, in pouring some ammonia from a bottle onto Lester's lips, had his arm jerked in some manner or other. Nearly the whole of the contents of the bottle was spilled over Lester, and he went wild. He rushed at Nathan like a madman, and the trainer, together with everybody else in the room, rushed outside. Lester, surely, had murder in his eyes. He picked up the bottle and hurled it smashing through the window of the room. Then he seized some other heavy articles and sent them on the same journey. All the time the unfortunate boy was screaming with the pain. He was, for the time, demented. After he had completely wrecked all the panes in the window and sent the glass scattering in all directions, he quieted down again. Dr. McDonagh went in to him and put some soothing ointment on his face, but it was some little while before even his own attendants ventured in with him.

"He certainly must have been in great pain," said the doctor afterwards.

BLACK AND WHITE.

Another Blighted "Hope"—McVea Beats Lester at the End of Twenty Rounds.

Sydney, Australia. Last night another "white hope" was obscured in the black mist which is just now clouding the pugilistic horizon, when Jack Lester, the acknowledged best white fighter living, went down in defeat before Sam McVea, the colored wonder, whose fair and clever fighting has made him the idol of fight crowds. The black only secured a points decision, it is true, but he put up an absolutely unique record, inasmuch as he went the twenty rounds against a strong youngster, a fighter who had vanquished Bill Lang, without taking a decent troublesome punch. The contest being so one-sided, the person who did not see the proceedings in the Stadium ring could be pardoned for imagining that it was uninteresting. But it was not. It was a particularly attractive battle, owing to the fact that McVea, clever boxer that he undoubtedly is, was compelled to bring all his ringcraft and ability to bear in his endeavors to win on a knock-out. True, he was not seen at the top of his form, owing to his having had only a brief period in which to train, and being constrained to husband his strength a little, but nevertheless the 20,000 or more people who saw him in action came away satisfied that he must be considered in the summing up of the men aspiring to world's championship honors. Although he

fought craftily, and sent his punches, with deadly precision, he could not make much impression on his tough opponent. Lester certainly does not possess a glass jaw. Last night it seemed to be composed of reinforced concrete, or something equally hard, while his head took the colored man's punches in a manner that made people think it was encased in steel.

The fight from start to finish was brimful of excitement. The crowd that enjoyed the twenty rounds, in which the only sign of punishment was Lester's badly swollen jaw, on which he received McVea's lefts, was a tremendous one. Nothing approaching it has been seen since the Johnson-Burns championship on Boxing Day, 1908, and it is doubtful whether the scenes witnessed outside the arena on the occasion of that memorable fight equaled those seen in New South Head road last night. There was then certainly not nearly so much trouble in gaining admission to the convincing ground. While it was expected that the engagement would draw a large crowd, it was not expected that there would be unprecedented anxiety to witness the struggle. Ordinarily decent, respectable men lost all their decency and respectability last night. They were transformed into fiends, fighting and struggling to get within striking distance of the gates.

The whole trouble was due to the insufficient number of entrances. Had there been twice as many as were in evidence there would have been fighting. But with the few that were there for the thousands and thousands who clamored for admission it was impossible to handle the crowd. There were plenty of police about, but they were powerless to deal with the people, who started to stream into the arena immediately upon the opening of the gates. At 8 o'clock the sight was one that will not be forgotten for many years by Sydney fight followers. Last night all roads led to the Stadium, and on reaching there the men who had passed over those roads had to bring all their energy to bear to get within twenty yards of the fence surrounding the ground. The police tried to let the visitors in in orderly fashion, but they could not do anything. Thousands struggled with each other, and tore about frantically. But they had to wait until the crowd behind heaved them in the direction of the gates. The ticket takers could not take the "briefs" fast enough, and H. D. McIntosh had to come to the assistance of his men. He stood and helped to keep the struggling masses in check, and took tickets, and he had not been there long before beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. But still they struggled and fought in the wildest manner possible.

It was a wonderful sight outside. It was equally good to look upon inside. There was one huge mass of humanity, and everybody was glad to have a breather after the trouble experienced in getting in. The best of order prevailed. But everybody was anxious. They had seen a black-white championship before, and while they did not look too favorably upon the chances of the white man last night, they wanted him to win, and were there to cheer him on and help him in any way possible. It was indeed a remarkable scene—one that pleased sport followers, and one that gladdened the hearts of the promoters and the contestants. And it is doubtful whether the gate figures of the Burns-Johnson contest were greater than those of last night.

Those people, however, only saw McVea extended in two rounds—the fourteenth and the eighteenth. In every other session he was seen boxing beautifully, and punishing the white man severely. But it struck the majority of ringsiders that he was keeping himself well in control. He did not waste an ounce of strength. But in the fourteenth and eighteenth rounds he cut loose, and demonstrated what a demon he may be when aroused. His arms seemed to tear through the air from every point, but on no occasion was a punch sent out recklessly. There was the opening there every time, and either the left or right glove found a resting place on Lester's body

and head. They were remarkable bursts of speed, and gave the only solid indications of what this colored marvel is capable of when he finds it necessary to extend himself.

Small wonder it is that this big, good-natured, ebony-colored boxer became the idol of the emotional French. He will be an idol in Australia, where the people are not so easily moved. He is fair to a degree, in action he is in it to watch, and he has the punch. But what is the use of having a short-punching punch when there is a jaw like Lester's to land it on? When he goes up against a boxer with a weaker jaw it is probable that the unfortunate will be in dromoland in short order.

Although he did not suggest it in his training, McVea is a two-handed fighter, one hand being almost as good as the other. His strong point, however, is undoubtedly his left. Half hooked, half swing, it is deadly. It is not sent out after the fashion of the ordinary hook or swing. It does not come from a distance. The hand is poised well off from the body, and as soon as the opening is presented, in it goes. Blat from the jump that terrible punch went over on its mission. Jumping forward, McVea landed it down on Lester's jaw, but he might as well have been sending it up against a block of granite. The white man shook his head and smiled. It did not seem to have the slightest effect on him. He simply poked his jaw out for more. And he got it. Hundreds of times the black man's left found Lester's jaw, and towards the finish the plucky little fellow's face was lop-sided. It was not cut, and he did not seem to be hurt. He had taken a tremendous amount of punishment, and the fact that he showed no signs of it was a wonderful advertisement for his strength and stamina. After several rounds had been disposed of, Lester, acting on the advice of his seconds, kept his right glove well over his jaw, but even then McVea could not be kept off. When he found that his punches were being blocked, he straightened his arm and jabbed with it, relieving the monotony every now and then by once more bringing the hook into action. Sometimes he would vary it by using it as an uppercut, and at others he would bring his starboard gun into action with deadly precision.

All the time Lester did practically nothing. It was not that he was unwilling, but he found at a very early stage that he could not do anything with the colored marvel. He swung his hands and made efforts at in-fighting, but McVea never had the slightest trouble in keeping him at bay. Without apparently exerting himself, he claimed the white man's arms in clinches, and whenever he felt disposed, threw the mass of bone and muscle opposed to him aside with the greatest ease. But, at that, he declined to wrestle, and whenever Lester tried to hustle him he always took things quietly until the referee came to his rescue.

Now for a few incidents of the fight. Lester went mad in the second round, and was lucky to get through without disqualification. He seemed to lose his mental balance altogether, and, grabbing hold of his opponent, hustled him against the ropes and pushed him over. McVea fell in a heap on the boards outside, but he took it all good-humoredly, and, with a broad grin over his face, extended his hand in manly fashion to his adversary. Lester, however, was cautioned by the referee. The white man also showed a nasty trait when McVea commenced to punish his body. On two or three occasions the colored boxer drove his left to the midsection, and although the punches were well above the mark, Lester pointed downwards, suggesting that he had been hit low. All of the punches were absolutely fair, and Lester's protesting suggested that the punishment was not being welcomed.

The fourteenth round was absolutely the hardest of the contest. McVea, whose pretty, evasive work had been delighting the experts around the ring, assumed the aggressive suddenly, and, tearing forward with remarkable vim, played a merry tune on Lester's head and body with both

hands. It did not look as if the white man could weather the storm, but he came through fairly well, although he was only too willing afterwards to rest in a clinch. The eighteenth round was almost as vivid, Lester being very badly treated. Up till this time the bulk of the colored man's work had been done about the upper story. But now he transferred his attentions to the body. He sent in some terrific punches to the stomach, and Lester grunted loudly on several occasions, and appeared to be weak and groggy. It looked any odds that a knock-out would be recorded. One good punch would have done the trick, but McVea did not bring it into play. He had the openings, but he seemed to hold himself in check deliberately.

A couple of rounds before the finish the crowd started to leave. It was not that they were dissatisfied with the contest, but the ending was a foregone conclusion, and they were anxious to get back before Snowy Baker, at the end of the twentieth term, pointed to the colored champion and declared him the winner.

It was a great fight. A great fighter was seen in action for the first time, and it was a great crowd both in numbers and behavior.